11622, c. 22[illegible]
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The Liverpool Tragedy:

SHEWING, How Mr. ROBERT FULLER, of Liverpool, Lancashire, Grazier, and his Wife, for the sake of Gold, murdered their own Son, after he had been above Ten Years from them in the East Indies.

YOU tender parents that have children dear,
Be pleased to wait a-while, and you shall hear
A dismal accident that befel of late,
Which ought to be of everlasting date.
At famous Liverpool, in Lancashire,
Liv'd one Mr. Robert Fuller, as we hear,
A Grazier, who lived in happy state,
He being not too poor, nor yet too great.
He had three daughters charming beauties bright,
And but one son, who was his heart's delight,
His father doated on him, and, in truth,
He was a dutiful and sober youth.
He bound him 'prentice to one Mr. Brown,
A noted Surgeon, who liv'd in that town,
With whom he staid the term of seven years,
And served him faithfully, as it appears.
And afterwards some time with him did dwell,
And as a servant pleas'd his master well;

He got acquainted with two ſurgeons mates,
Who were then going a voyage up the Straights.
They did perſuade him for to go to ſea,
Saying in time he might promoted be.
This ſo much wrought upon the young man's mind,
That he to go with them ſeem'd much inclin'd.
He went and told his father his deſign,
That he would go to ſee in a little Time,
For I to the Eaſt Indies now will go.
Therefore, dear father, do not ſay me no.
To hear theſe words his father was ſurprized,
It ſoon fetch'd tears from down his father's eyes,
He ſaid, can you, my ſon, from me depart,
And leave me here behind with aching heart?
Becauſe in you I plac'd my chief delight,
Do you my tender care thus requite?
You my conſent to go ſhall never have,
It will bring me down with ſorrow to the grave.
Go, wilful youth, perhaps the time will come,
That you may wiſh you'd ſtaid with me at home.
But all theſe arguments could not prevail,
He was reſolv'd the raging main to ſail.
His mother cry'd, I thought I had a ſon
Would have been a comfort for the time to come.
His ſiſters ſaid, dear brother, do not go,
And leave our parents thus oppreſs'd with woe,
His father ſaid, I pray let reaſon rule,
Take my advice, and do not play the fool;
Why is your mind my ſon, ſo given to range?
What is the meaning of this ſudden change?
Why will you ſail on the tempeſtuous ſeas,
When you may ſtay at home in peace and eaſe,
To live a happy, free, retired life?
Beſides, I'll ſeek you out a virtuous wife,

Father, all these persuasions are in vain,
Resolved I am to cross the raging main,
Therefore give me your blessing e'er I go,
I shall prosper better for't I know.
His father said, since you don't me regard,
God justly will your wickedness reward:
God's heavy judgments will upon you come,
For being such a disobedient son
So you must go without what you do crave,
Mine nor God's blessing will you ever have.
What course now this stubborn youth did steer
You in the second part shall quickly hear.

HE went with speed unto the surgeons' mater,
And went a voyage with them up the Streights
But with that voyage he was not content,
Further to go his his rambling mind was bent.
He came to London, and a ship he found,
Which lay at Deptford, to the Indies bound;
He straitway ordered his Matters so,
That surgeon's mate on board of her to go.
The very day that he sail, we hear
He sent a letter to his father dear;
Wherein said he, I am alive and well,
But when I shall return I cannot tell.
I am aboard a vessel of great fame,
For the East Indies bound, the Prince by name.
I will come home when my mad frolick's done,
And this is all at present from your son.
His wretched father read the letter strait,
And said, my son is gone in spite of fate:
What I can do, I'll act a father's part,
And beg of God to turn his stubborn heart.
Here now we will the aged father leave,
And turn unto his son, who made him grieve;

He was then sailing on the ocean wide,
But mark what in short space did him betide.
As by the coast of Barbary they did sail,
Boreas began to blow a stormy gale,
Dark misty clouds did veil the azure sky,
A storm will come the sailors all did cry.
Loud cleps of thunder did them all surprize,
And lightning flashing in their eyes;
The captain with deep concern did say,
If this storm holds we shall be cast away.
He scarce had spoke those words, but upon a rock
The ship was cast, with such a mighty shock,
That she stuck fast, and could not get away,
Where they, in sorrow, long were forc'd to stay.
The captain said, let us pray to God, that he
May from this dreadful danger set us free;
Next all hands help for to heave out the boat,
That o'er the foaming billows we may float.
The boat it was so full it could not swim,
So some were forced to get out again;
The surgeon's mate, the grazier's stubborn son,
As fortune ordered, chanced to be one
That forced was out of the boat to go
Back to the ship, with hearts oppress'd with woe,
Fifteen poor souls behind them they did leave,
Whose piercing cries a stony heart would grieve.
The captain said, the boat will hold no more,
But if it please God I live to get on shore,
And you remain alive in this sad case,
I'll surely come and fetch you from this place,

THESE poor distress'd souls in sad despair,
Unto the Lord make their humble prayer,
Expecting every moment for to be
Sunk to the bottom of the raging sea.

The grazier's son said, Here I will not stay.
But thro the foaming billows swim away;
I can swim well, the sea does calm appear,
So farewell my brother sailors dear.
Thus he swam one long day till almost night,
When his poor wretched limbs were tired quite;
But fortune unto him did prove so kind,
That he by chance a mighty rock did find.
The rock was ragged, mighty high and steep,
He with much trouble up the same did creep.
And look'd around, no land could he behold,
He cry'd, My sorrows now are manifold,
My father's words unto my mind do come,
That I should wish I'd staid with him at home;
Alas! I find it true that he has said,
For now my disobedience is repaid.

HE thus lamenting spent the tedious night,
And in the morning, soon as it was light,
He went and search'd the spacious rock around,
Where for his food a few shell fish he found.
Satan, the great deceiver of mankind
Did come to tempt this young man as we find,
Thinking on any terms he would comply,
So took advantage of his misery.
As this young man was looking out at sea
There at a distance from him seem'd to be
A man rowing to him in a boat
Which o'er the rolling waves did swiftly float.
This young man though he had been a friend at first,
But afterwards fear'd it was something worse,
For if a wild man eater he should be,
He first will kill, and then devour me.
This young man was soon freed from his fear,
For Satan like a tailor did appear,

And, when he came unto the rock, did say,
Yonng man, what have you here been cast away?
The young man all his misfortunes told,
And as to him the same he did unfold.
Three crons of blood down from his nose did fall,
Which made him think he was no friend at all.
The devil said, young man, now if you
Will be my faithful servant, just and true,
And will resign your soul now unto me,
I from this dreadful place will set you free.
The youth soon found who it was with him then,
And said, thou grand deceiver of all men,
O, get you gone, your flattery forbear,
What do you think my soul for to ensnare
Bold Satan then did straitway disappear,
And left the young man trembling with fear
Where now awhile we'll leave him to complain,
And turn unto his ship mates once again
The captain in the boat got safe to shore,
And soon returned to his ship once more,
Where out of fifteen nine where left alive;
The captain did their drooping hearts revive.
Where are the rest of you? the captain said,
Alas! with cold and hunger they are dead,
All but the surgeon's mate who would not stay,
But overboard did jump and swam away.
The captain said, I hope my dream is right,
That he was on a rock I dreamt last night;
They quickly manned a boat and found there,
And soon with joy releast him from his fear.

THEIR ship from off the rock they soon did get,
And took great pains in well repairing it,
Then to Bengal, in the Indies, they did sail,
And soon arrived with a prosperous gale.

The ſurgeon's mate ſoon got him there a wife,
And ten years liv'd a very happy life;
Six children had, likewiſe a good eſtate,
But he was born to be unfortunate,
About his father he was troubled ſo,
That back again to England he would go;
He left his wife and children as it is told,
And took with him a thouſand pounds in gold.
And after fifteen months long tedious ſail,
He arriv'd in England with a proſperous gale;
To Liverpool he ſtrait did repair,
But ſoon he found great alterations there.
Two of his ſiſters in that time were dead,
The other unto a grazier was married,
He called there firſt, and ſhe rejoiced to ſee
That her dear brother yet alive ſhould be.
How do my parents do? he then did ſay,
She ſaid they are well, I ſaw them yeſterday,
But they ſo covetous are grown of late,
They ſcarce allow themſelves food to eat.
This night I'll go and lodge there he did ſay,
But they ſhan't know me till you come next day.
Unto his father's houſe he then did go,
And aſk'd if he could lodgings have or no
They anſwer'd yes, and bid him ſtrait come in.
But now, alas! his ſorrows did begin;
His father ſaid, young man, I tell you true,
I had a ſon was very much like you.
A purſe of gold he to his mother gave,
Saying, till to-morrow keep it ſafe.
She ſaid, I will. He ſtrait was went to bed,
But Satan quickly put it in her head
To murther her dear ſon, the gold to have,
For that was all ſhe in this world did crave.

Husband, she said, when he is dead and gone,
Then all the gold will surely be our own
To murder this young man they both did go,
But that he was their son they did not know,
They found him fast asleep; so, void of fear,
They quickly cut his throat from ear to ear.
His sister came next day, saying, father dear,
Did there not come last night a sailor here?
He answer'd, no. She said, there did I'm sure,
For it was my brother dear return'd once more.
Art sure it was thy brother? then said he,
She said, the mole upon his arm I see.
He went to search, and cried, what have I done!
Alas! alas! I've kill'd my only son!
He straitway then took up the bloody knife,
And instantly dispatch'd his wretched life.
His wicked wife who staid awhile below,
At last up stairs did to her husband go
Where to her grief she saw him bleeding lie.
She said, alas! I've caus'd you both to die!
All thro' my means for sake of cursed gold,
My son and husband dead I do behold.
I will now make up the number three,
How can I live such a sad sight to see?
Vain world farewell, God, I must from thee part,
So plung'd the knife into her wicked heart.
The daughter wondering at their long delay,
Did up stairs go, to see what made them stay;
Where a sad dreadful sight she beheld,
The mother, bleeding, all the story told.

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Printed by J. Butler, High Street, Worcester